THE

Lord Stafford's GHOST:

OR,

A Warning to TRAITORS,

WITH

His Propheſie

Concerning the

Blazing-Star.

Printed for *T. Benskin*, in *Greens-Rents*, near *Fleet-bridge*.

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THE LORD Staffords Ghoſt,

&c.

FRom *Stygian* ſhades, lo, my pale Ghoſt doth riſe,
To viſit Earth, and theſe ſublunar Skies;
For ſome few moments I'm in Mercy ſent,
To bid my Fellow-*Traytors* to *Repent*:
Repent before you taſte of Horrid Fate,
Your Guilt confeſs, before it be too late.
I am not here arriv'd on Earth, to tell
The hidden ſecrets that belong to *Hell*:
Nor am I ſent to publiſh or declare,
Who are tormenters, whom tormented there.
For now I know that it is Heavens decree,
Theſe things to Mortals ſtill ſhall ſecrets be;
Who have fantaſtick Dreams, and nothing know,
Of what is done above, or yet below:
But I have ſeen with my immortal Eyes,
Things that with horror do my Soul ſurprize;
Too late alas, too late, I ſee my ſin,
With ſtrange *Chymera's* I've deluded been,
By a curs'd brood, who ſounded in my ear,
Dye obſtinate, no Chains of *Conſcience* fear,
Upon us firmly let your Faith be built,
We can and do Abſolve you from your Guilt;
And after this, you need no more Repent,
For you a *Martyr* dye, and *Innocent*.
O curſed Men, who on Wretches thus intrude,
And thus poor ſouls, Eternally delude:
Whilſt they believe what theſe deluders ſay,
Life is ſnatch'd from them, and they drop away;
And falling down, by *Charon* Death they'r hurl'd
Into the *Manſions* of a diſmal World,
Where *Conſcience* ſtands, and ſtares them in the face,
Shewing a Table of Eternal Braſs,
In which in noted Characters are wrot
Their whole lifes crimes, which living they forgot.
With *Conſcience* theſe have an Eternal ſtrife,
And curſe the vain deluſive dreams of Life:
With torment now their crimes read o're and o're,
And wakeing, ſee they did but Dream before;

Too

Too late (and than too late what plague is worſe?
They ſee their folly, and themſelves they curſe;
They curſe themſelves, becauſe they did believe,
And doubly curſe thoſe who did them deceive.
When to the fatal Scaffold I was brought,
I ſaid, and did what I was bid, and laught,
Tho' *Conſcience* ſaid, I did not what I ought.
Stoutly the Guilt, as I was bid, deny'd,
And for the *Cauſe*, I *Romes* great *Martyr* dy'd.
I that Religion then eſteemed good,
And gladly would have ſeal'd it with my Blood,
Becauſe I then no better underſtood.
Let not the World to vain deluſions flye,
I did for *Treaſon*, not *Religion* dye.
Tho' on the Scaffold I would not confeſs,
My Ghoſt, alas! too late, can do no leſs.
Let all Complotters warning take by me,
The World we may delude, but *God* doth ſee;
Tho' what we did ſhould never come to light,
It can't be hid from the Almighty's ſight:
Give God the Glory, and confeſs your Crime,
Confeſs your horrid *Treaſon* while you've time;
Publick Confeſſion ſhews you do Repent,
And is the beſt way to grow Innocent.
I ſee too late, I have been led aſtray,
And by *Error*, far from *Truth*, was led away;
For that *Religion* never can be good,
That would erect it ſelf by Humane Blood.
I pin'd my ſelf upon anothers ſleeve,
And blindly I did as the Church believe;
What my deluſive Guides did bid me do,
That I believ'd was *Holy*, *Juſt*, and *True*.
With Zeal I acted, and hop'd for Applauſe,
Of Men and Heaven, in ſo good a *Cauſe*:
But oh! I ſigh, and now my Airy *Ghoſt*,
Shivers to think what Bleſſings I have loſt:
The broad way to Deſtruction then I took,
And Vertues Road my blinded Zeal miſtook.
But you my *Friends*, who yet are left behind,
Now to your ſelves, and to your Souls be kind;
Open her Eyes, and be no longer blind,
Pry my ſad End, do you your Errors find.
Confeſs your Crimes before it be too late,
Confeſs, confeſs, before you yield to Fate:
Before from Life, and from the World you go,
Before that you deſcend to Shades below,
Before your Souls taſte of Eternal Woe.

Truth

Truth cannot Dye, it ſtronger is than Death,
Remains when Mortals have reſign'd their breath;
To amazed Souls with *Conſcience* ſhe appears,
To aggravate, and to increaſe their fears.
Confeſs her while you live, though drawn to Sin,
Repentance with *Confeſſion* doth begin.
Believe no longer that Accurſed Brood,
Who on the Necks of Kings have proudly trod,
Nor him who thinks himſelf an Earthly God.
Thoſe *Hectoring Jeſuits* who ſo Zealous be,
Who think to Rule the world by Policy;
Who to the *Gallows* ſeem with joy to come,
To be the *Martyrs*, and the Saints of *Rome*.
When Life is fled, and they are gone from hence,
In tumbling down are waked into Senſe;
Where all amaz'd, and wondring where they've bin,
They howl, and cry, and wiſh to Dye agin.
Beware I ſay, be fool'd no longer here,
For *Rhadamanthus* is a Judge ſevere.
Hark! I am call'd, I muſt deſcend below,
But let me *Propheſie* before I go:
See the bright Star which o're your heads doth ſhine,
I can as well as *Gadbury* Divine;
What the bright ſtream of Radient Light doth mean,
VVhich every Night ſo frequently is ſeen.
Hear me, O *Rome*, though in your Cauſe I dy'd,
Nigh is the ſetting of your Pomp and Pride:
That *Star* doth ſhew, that *Day* is neer at hand,
That *Rome* no longer ſhall the *World* command,
And many years it hath not now to ſtand.
By that bright ſtream, which ſtill points to the *Eaſt*,
The *Everlaſting Goſpel's* Light's expreſt;
Which juſt is breaking forth, and doth beſpeak,
That its moſt Glorious Day's about to break:
VVhen *Peace*, and *Truth*, and *Righteouſneſs* ſhall ſtand,
Everlaſting Pillars ſet in every Land,
And *Chriſt* in Power alone the world command.
Then ſhall the *World* ſhine with Eternal Glory,
And I perhaps, may then leave PURGATORY.

Finis.